

## Program Notes & Translations

### *Suor Angelica*

*Suor Angelica* is a haunting opera about a young noblewoman, Suor Angelica, who has been forced into a convent after bearing an illegitimate child. For years, Angelica has suffered in silence, clinging to the hope of reuniting with her son. One day, her aunt, the Principessa, arrives at the convent and coldly reveals that Angelica's child has died, shattering her only reason to live. In this adaptation, Suor Angelica does not sign away her inheritance but defiantly refuses her aunt's request. Overcome with grief and despair, Angelica decides to end her life, drinking poison made from herbs she gathered herself. As she lies dying, she prays desperately for forgiveness. In this adaptation her aunt returns one final time, seizing the opportunity to remind Angelica that she will die without absolution or redemption, deepening the tragedy and stripping her of any peace or comfort, even in her last moments. This version highlights the brutality of Angelica's suffering and dark fate.

#### **Nuns**

Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with thee, thou art blessed among women, blessed be the fruit of your womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, pray for us sinners...

#### **Sister Angelica**

Pray for us sinners, now and in the hour of our death.

#### **Sister Zelatrice**

Sisters in humility, you missed the quindene, and also Sister Angelica, who, however, made full contrition. Instead, you, sisters, sinned in distraction, and you've lost a day of quindene!

#### **A Lay Sister**

I acknowledge my sin and ask for a big penance. And the heavier the penance, the more thanks I'll give you sister in humility.

#### **The Mistress of the Novices**

She who arrives late at choir must prostrate herself and kiss the ground.

#### **Sister Zelatrice**

You'll recite the mental prayer twenty times for the afflicted and for the slaves and for those who are in mortal sin.

#### **A Lay Sister**

With joy and with fervor!

#### **The Two Lay Sisters**

Christ our Lord, Bridegroom of love, I want only to please Thee now and in the hour of my death. Amen.

#### **Sister Zelatrice**

Sister Lucilla, to work. Withdraw. And observe in silence.

#### **The Mistress of the Novices**

(Because this evening in choir she laughed and made others laugh.)

#### **Sister Zelatrice**

You, Sister Osmina, kept two scarlet roses hidden in your sleeves while in church.

**Sister Osmina**

It's not true!

**Sister Zelatrice**

Sister, go into your cell. Don't delay! The Virgin is watching you!

**Nuns**

Queen of Virgins, pray for her...

**Sister Zelatrice**

And now sisters, in joy, since it pleases the Lord, and in order to return more happily to work for love of Him, enjoy yourselves!

**Nuns**

Amen!

**Sister Genovieffa**

Oh sisters, I wish to tell you that a ray of sunshine has entered the cloister! Look where it's striking, there among the greenery! The sun is on the iris! The three evenings of the golden fountain are beginning!

**Nuns**

It's true, in a moment we'll see the gilded water! And for two evenings still! It's May! It's the lovely smile of Our Lady that comes with that beam...Queen of Mercy, thanks!

**A Novice**

Teacher, I ask you for permission to speak.

**The Mistress of the Novices**

Always to praise the things that are holy and beautiful.

**A Novice**

What grace of the Virgin cheers up the sisters?

**The Mistress of the Novices**

A shining sign of the goodness of God! For only three evenings of the year, when the choir goes out, God allows us to see the sun that falls on the fountain and turns it golden.

**A Novice**

And the other evenings?

**The Mistress of the Novices**

Either we come out too early and the sun is high, or too late and the sun has set.

**Nuns**

Another year has passed! Another year has gone by! And one sister is gone!

**Sister Genovieffa**

O sisters in devout toil, when the jet is beflowered, when the jet is gilded, would it not be nice to carry a bucket of golden water to the grave of Bianca Rosa?

**Nuns**

Yes! The sister who rests certainly wishes it!

**Sister Angelica**

The wishes are the flowers of the living, they don't bloom in the realm of dead women, because the Mother Virgin helps, and in Her Goodness freely anticipates wishing; the Mother of Mothers has granted a wish before it has been expressed. O sister, death is a beautiful life!

**Sister Zelatrice**

We cannot have wishes even when we are alive.

**Sister Genovieffa**

If they're simple and innocent, why? Don't you have a wish?

**Sister Zelatrice**

Not I!

**Nuns**

And neither do I!

**Sister Genovieffa**

I do! I confess it. Sweet Lord mine, thou knowest that before now in the outside world, I was a shepherdess...For five years I haven't seen a little lamb...Lord, do I displease you if I say that I wish to see a little one, to be able to pet him, touch his cool muzzle and hear him bleat? If it's a sin, I'll offer Thee the *Miserere Mei*...Forgive me, Lord, Thou who art The Lamb of God.

**Sister Dolcina**

I also have a wish!

**Nuns**

Sister, we know them, your wishes! Some good morsels! Some tasty fruit! Gluttony is a serious sin! (She's a glutton!)

**Sister Genovieffa**

Sister Angelica, and you? Do you have wishes?

**Sister Angelica**

I? No, sister, no.

**Nuns**

May Jesus forgive her. She's told a lie.

**A Novice**

Why?

**Nuns**

We know it, she has a great wish. She would like to have news from her family! It's been more than seven years since she's been in the monastery, she hasn't had any more news! And she seems resigned, but she's so tormented!

In the outside world she was very rich, so said the Abbess. She was noble! A princess! They wished to make her a nun, it seems...in punishment. Why? Who knows! Hm! Hm!

**Nursing Sister**

Sister Angelica, listen!

**Sister Angelica**

Oh, sister infirmaries, what happened, tell me!

**Nursing Sister**

Sister Chiara, there in the garden, was adjusting the trellis of the roses; suddenly so many wasps came out, they stung her here on the face! Now she's in her cell and is groaning. Ah! Calm, sister, the pain that is tormenting her!

**Nuns**

Poor thing!

**Sister Angelica**

Wait! I have an herb and a flower!

**Nursing Sister**

Sister Angelica always has a good remedy made with flowers; she always knows how to find a blessed herb to soothe the pains!

**Sister Angelica**

Here, this is spurge; with the milky stuff that drips from it bathe the swelling. And with this, a potion. Tell Sister Chiara that it will be very bitter, but that it's good for her. And you'll tell her also that wasp stings are small sufferings, and that she mustn't groan, for groaning increases the torments.

**Nursing Sister**

I'll tell her that! Thank you, sister, thank you!

**Sister Angelica**

I'm here to serve.

**Two Alms-Collecting Sisters**

Praise Mary!

**Nuns**

And always will be!

**Two Alms-Collecting Sisters**

Good collecting this evening, Sister Procuratrix.

**First Alms-Collecting Sister**

A skin of oil.

**Sister Dolcina**

Mm! Good!

**Second Alms-Collecting Sister**

Hazel nuts, six strands.

**First Alms-Collecting Sister**

A little basket of walnuts.

**Sister Dolcina**

Good with salt and bread!

**Sister Zelatrice**

Sister!

**First Alms-Collecting Sister**

Here's some flour! And here's a little sheep cheese which is still sweating milk, good as a cake, and a little bag of lentils, some eggs, butter and that's all.

**Nuns**

Good collecting this evening, Sister Procuratrix.

**Second Alms-Collecting Sister**

For you, Sister greedy...

**Sister Dolcina**

A bunch of currants! Help yourselves to some, sisters!

**Nuns**

Thanks!

**A Nun**

Uh! If I take a grain, the martyrdom!

**Sister Dolcina**

No, take!

**Nuns**

Thanks!

**First Alms-Collecting Sister**

Who has come this evening to the parlatory?

**Nuns**

No one, why?

**First Alms-Collecting Sister**

There is a rich carriage standing outside the gate.

**Sister Angelica**

How so, sister? You said? A carriage is outside? Rich?

**First Alms-Collecting Sister**

Worthy of great lords. Certainly it's awaiting someone who has come into the convent and maybe in a moment the bell of the parlatory will ring.

**Sister Angelica**

Ah! Tell me, sister, what was the carriage like? Didn't it have a coat-of-arms of ivory? And upholstered inside with dark blue silk embroidered in silver?

**First Alms-Collecting Sister**

I don't know, sister, I don't know it: I saw only a carriage...a beautiful one!

**Nuns**

She's turned white...now she's all crimson! Poor thing! She's moved! She hopes that they're people from her family! People are coming into the parlatory! A visitor is coming! For whom? For whom can it be? If it were for me! If it were my mother who brings us the white turtle doves! If it were my cousin who brings good lavender seeds.

**Sister Angelica**

O Mother elect, read into my heart. Turn a smile to the Savior on my behalf.

**Sister Genovieffa**

O sister in love, we pray to the Star of Stars that the visit now will be for you.

**Sister Angelica**

Good sister, thank you!

**The Abbess**

Sister Angelica!

**Nuns**

Ah!

**Sister Angelica**

Mother, speak! Who is it? It's been seven years that I have waited. That I wait for one word, a note...I've offered everything to the Virgin in full expiation...

**The Abbess**

Offer her also the anxiety that now troubles you!

**Voices of the nuns**

Lord, give her rest eternal.

And light eternal shine upon her. May she rest in peace. Amen!

**Sister Angelica**

Mother, I am serene and submissive.

**The Abbess**

Your princess-aunt has come to visit you.

**Sister Angelica**

AH!

**The Abbess**

In the parlatory one says only as such as obedience and necessity require.  
Every word is heard by our pious Virgin.

**Sister angelica**

May the Virgin listen to me. Amen

**The Princess**

Prince Gualtiero, your father,  
Princess Clara your mother,  
when, twenty years ago, were about to die...  
entrusted to me their children  
and the entire patrimony of the family.  
I was to divide it when I deemed it appropriate  
and in all full fairness.  
It's what I have done. Here's the parchment.  
You can look at it, discuss it, sign it.

After seven years... I am before you.  
Be inspired by this holy place...  
It's a place of mercy, it's a place of compassion.  
Of penance. I must reveal to you the reason  
why I arrived at this division.  
Your sister Anna Viola is to be a bride...

**Sister Angelica**

Bride? Bride the little Anna Viola,  
the little sister, the tiny one?  
Ah! ah! Seven years! They've passed, seven years!  
Oh little sister blond who's going to be a bride,  
Oh, my little blond sister who is going to be a bride, may you be happy! And who is  
marrying her?

**The Princess**

Who out of love forgave the sin  
with which you stained our spotless family crest.

**Sister Angelica**

Sister of my mother, you are inexorable!

**The Princess**

What are you saying? And what are you thinking? Inexorable?  
Your mother you're invoking almost against me!  
Frequently in the evening there in our chapel, I meditate.  
In the silence of these meditations,  
my spirit seems to move off  
and meet with that of your mother

in conversations ethereal and mysterious!  
How painful it is to hear the dead suffer and weep!  
When the mystical ecstasy disappears,

for you I've kept one word only: Expiate!  
Offer my justice to the Virgin!

**Sister Angelica**

Everything I've offered to the Virgin, yes, everything!  
But there is an offer that I cannot make:  
To the Mother sweet of all Mothers,  
I cannot offer to forget...my son!  
The child who was torn away from me!  
My son, whom I saw and kissed only once!  
My faraway child!  
This is the word that I have invoked for seven years!  
Speak to me of him! How is he? What is my son like?  
How sweet (is) his face? How are his eyes?  
Speak to me of him! of my child!...

**Sister Angelica**

Why are you silent? Why?  
Another instant of this silence  
and you damn yourself for eternity!  
The Virgin hears us and She judges you!

**The Princess**

It's been two years, he was struck by a dreaded disease...  
Everything was done to save him...

**Sister Angelica**

He's dead?

**Suor Angelica**

Without mother, o child you have died!  
Your lips turned pale and cold without my kisses  
And you closed, o child your eyes beautiful!  
Not being able to caress me, your little hands you formed in a cross!  
And you have died without knowing how much your mother loved you!  
Now that you are an angel of heaven,  
now you can see her, your mother,  
you can come down through the firmament  
I feel you hovering around me.  
You're here, you kiss me and caress me.  
Ah! tell me when in heaven I'll be able to see you?  
When will I be able to kiss you?  
Oh! sweet end of every my sorrow,  
When will I be able to ascend to heaven with you?  
When will I be able to die?  
Tell your mother child beautiful,  
with a faint sparkle of a star,

Speak to me, my love, my love!

**Sister Genovieffa**

O good sister, the Virgin has heard the prayer.



**Nuns**

You will be happy, sister, the Virgin has shown her grace.

**Sister Angelica**

Grace has descended from heaven  
already all of it inflames me, shines,  
I already see, sisters, the goal...

**Nuns**

So be it. (Amen.)

**Sister Angelica**

Sisters, I'm happy! Let us sing!  
Already in heaven they're singing!  
Let us laud the Virgin Holy!

**Nuns**

Let us sing! Already in heaven they're singing! Amen.  
Let us praise the Virgin Holy! Amen!

**Sister Angelica**

Ah!... Let us laud! Grace has descended from heaven!  
Suor Angelica has always a remedy good  
made from flowers.  
My friends the flowers, who in your tiny bosoms...  
enclose the drops of poison,  
Ah! How much care I've lavished on you. Now you reward me.  
Thanks to you, my flowers, I will die.  
Farewell good sisters, I leave you forever.  
My son has called me from inside a beam of stars  
His smile has appeared to me. He said to me:  
"Mother, come to Paradise!"  
Farewell! Little church! Inside you how much I prayed!  
Good (Church) you received prayers and tears.  
The blessed grace has descended!  
I die for him and in heaven I will see him again!  
Ah! I am damned!  
I've killed myself! I'm dying in mortal sin!  
O Madonna, save me! For love of my son!

**Nuns**

Queen of Virgins hail Mary!

**Sister angelica**

I have lost my reason!

**Nuns**

Mother most chaste, Hail, Mary!

**Sister angelica**

Don't make me die in damnation!

**Nuns**

Queen of peace, Hail, Mary!

**Sister Angelica**

Give me a sign of grace, Madonna! Save me!

**Nuns**

O glorious Virgin, sublime among the stars.  
Thou who created a child and who suckled Him from Thy breast.

**Sister angelica**

Oh Madonna save me!  
A mother prays to you, a mother implores you!

**Nuns**

What unhappy Eve took away from us, you gave back to us through your marvelous offspring.  
And thou revealed to us the poles of heaven in order that the mournful stars could enter.

**Sister Angelica**

O Madonna, save me!

**Nuns**

Glorious Virgin, Hail, Mary!

**Sister angelica**

Ah!

**Nuns**

Queen of Virgins!

**Sister Angelica**

Ah!

**Nuns**

Faithful Virgin, Holy Mary, glorious Virgin, etc.

**Nuns**

Mother most pure, hail!  
Tower of David, Hail Mary!

**The End**

### ***Madama Butterfly***

*Madama Butterfly* tells the tragic story of Cio-Cio-San, a young Japanese geisha who marries an American naval officer, Pinkerton. While Pinkerton views the marriage as temporary, Cio-Cio-San believes it is for life, abandoning her culture and family for him. After Pinkerton leaves Japan, she faithfully waits for his return, raising their child in his absence.

When he finally returns, it is with his new American wife, devastating Cio-Cio-San, who realizes he never intended to stay with her. Heartbroken and betrayed, she takes her own life in a final, tragic gesture of lost hope and honor. In the "Flower Duet," Cio-Cio-San and Suzuki decorate the home with flowers to welcome Pinkerton, filled with hope and unaware of the betrayal that awaits her.

### *The Flower Duet*

**Suzuki**

No more flowers

**Butterfly**

No more flowers? Come and help me.

**Suzuki**

Let's put roses on the threshold.

**Butterfly**

Give me the scent of springtime, let us have spring in here.

**Suzuki**

Here is the scent of springtime; let us have spring in here.

**Butterfly**

Fill the house with April showers, with the scent of spring.

**Suzuki**

With the scent of, with the scent of spring.

**Butterfly**

Give me the scent of April, let me have my spring in here.

**Suzuki**

Give me the scent of April with its flowers.

Lilies? Jasmine?

**Butterfly**

We will drown in fragrant showers.

**Suzuki**

Fill the house with April bloom.

**Butterfly**

Fill the house with April bloom. Let us be drowned in April showers,  
Jasmine and violets, thousands of flowers, lilies and roses, cherry blossoms

**Suzuki**

Lilies and fragrant roses, all of the bloom of springtime, jasmine, lovely roses;

**Butterfly and Suzuki**

A balm from hands caressing violets, tuberoses,

The springtime's tender blessing, petals of every flower.

### *Gianni Schicchi*

*Gianni Schicchi* is a comic opera about the greedy Donati family, who are dismayed to learn that their wealthy relative, Buoso Donati, has left his fortune to a monastery. To secure the inheritance for themselves, they enlist the clever Gianni Schicchi to help alter Buoso's will. Schicchi agrees but tricks them by secretly rewriting the will to leave the best assets to himself, including Buoso's house. The family is outraged but powerless, as exposing Schicchi would also implicate them in the fraud. In the end, Schicchi humorously justifies his actions to the audience. In this aria, Rinuccio tries to convince the family that Gianni Schicchi is the only one capable of altering the will.

### *Avete Torto*

#### **Rinuccio**

But you don't know him!  
Quick-witted and wily, he is a man of the world.  
More importantly, he knows the law!  
Some people say he's full of mischief,  
but he only makes fools of those who deserve it.  
If you like to eat crow, Gianni Schicchi will serve it!  
He's preceded wherever he goes by his great red nose,  
which casts a dark shadow that belies  
the twinkle in his eyes  
and that sly smile.  
Born in the country?  
So what? Where's the shame?  
Now it's a man's mind that counts, not just his name!

### *O mio babbino caro*

In the aria "O mio babbino caro," Laretta, Gianni Schicchi's daughter, pleads with her father to allow her to marry her beloved Rinuccio. She expresses her deep love for Rinuccio, threatening to throw herself into the river if her father refuses to grant this wish.

#### **Laretta**

Oh, my dear papa,  
I like him, he is so handsome.  
I want to go to Porta Rossa  
To buy the ring!  
Yes, yes, I want to go there!  
And if my love were in vain,  
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio

And throw myself in the Arno!  
I am pining, I am tormented!  
Oh God, I would want to die!  
Father, have pity, have pity!  
Father, have pity, have pity!

## *La Fanciulla del West*

*La Fanciulla del West* tells the story of love, loyalty, and betrayal set during the California Gold Rush. In this aria, a traveling minstrel enters a saloon and sings a song that fills the miners with homesickness and nostalgia for their families.

### *Che faranno i vecchi*

#### **Jake Wallace**

What will my folks do,  
So far away?  
Sad and lonely,  
So far away,  
What will they do,  
If I never return?

#### **Nick**

Boys, it's Jake Wallace,  
The balladeer of the camp.

#### **Jake Wallace**

My mama, what will she do,  
If I never return?  
How much will she cry?

#### **All**

How much will she cry?

#### **Chorus**

Weaving at her loom...

#### **Chorus & Jake Wallace**

Wrapped in a fur blanket.

#### **Chorus**

Weaving linens with sorrow.

#### **All**

What will my folks do?  
They will think I'm never coming home!

#### **Chorus and Jake Wallace**

My dog, after so long,  
Will he even remember me?

#### **Harry**

Oh, my house by the river,

**All**

So far away

### *La Rondine*

*La Rondine* tells the story of Magda, a Parisian courtesan who dreams of experiencing true love. At a party, she meets the young and sincere Ruggero, who falls deeply in love with her, believing her to be a virtuous woman. They escape to the French Riviera, where they enjoy a brief period of happiness, but Magda eventually realizes that her past prevents her from having a future with him. Heartbroken, she leaves Ruggero to protect his reputation and resigns herself to return to her old life, despite her longing for true love.

### *Ch'il bel sogno*

**Magda**

Who could guess the beautiful dream of Doretta?  
It's mystery how come it ends?  
Alas! One day a student  
kisses her on the lips  
and in that kiss was a revelation:  
It was passion!  
Crazy love! Crazy intoxication!  
Who could ever say again  
the subtle caressing  
of a burning kiss like this?  
Ah! My dream! Ah! My life!  
What does wealth matter  
if at last happiness blooms!  
Oh, a golden dream  
to be able to love like this!

### *T'amo!...No! Tu sapessia quale ti dispresso*

Pruniere is a poet and Magda's friend, who encourages her to seek true love, while Lisette is Magda's lively maid who becomes romantically involved with him. Their relationship provides comic relief, as they often clash due to their contrasting personalities and social backgrounds yet remain drawn to each other throughout the opera.

**Pruniere**

I love you!

**Lisette**

You're lying!

**Pruniere**

No! If you only knew at what price I despise you!  
Don't you know that my glory needs tinsel and falseness?

A poet like me can only love rich women!  
I say it, there are those who believe me, and instead I'm for you!

**Lisette**

What silence!

**Prunier**

What mystery!

**Lisette**

Do you love me?

**Prunier**

I love you!

**Lisette**

Does it humiliate you?

**Prunier**

I'm proud of it!

**Lisette**

Now let's go! All's quiet!

**Prunier**

The hat doesn't please me!

**Lisette**

You don't like it? It's her best one!

**Prunier**

It doesn't go with the rest!

**Lisette**

Shall I change?

**Prunier**

Change! But hurry up!

Nine Muses, I ask your pardon if I sink so low!

I love her and I cannot reason!

**Lisette**

Is this one better?

**Prunier**

It's original!

**Lisette**

And the cloak?

**Pruniere**

It isn't such as to wring from me an ovation.

**Lisette**

Do you want me to put on that cape that I was wearing the other evening?

**Pruniere**

Yes, the black silk cape!

Nine Muses, I ask your pardon if I lower myself to advise her,  
but as the aesthete that I am, no, I cannot abandon her!

**Lisette**

Am I complete?

**Pruniere**

You're exquisite!

**Lisette**

The purse?

**Pruniere**

Here it is.

**Lisette**

Do you want lipstick on my lips?

**Pruniere**

Your lips will bloom!

**Lisette**

On my cheeks?

**Pruniere**

Let them be two roses!

**Lisette**

Black at the eyes?

**Pruniere**

A few touches

**Lisette**

There!

**Pruniere**

Done?

**Lisette**

Done!

**Pruniere**



There!

**Lisette**

What silence!

**Prunier**

What mystery!

**Lisette**

Who is calling me?

**Prunier**

Our love!

**Lisette**

Who loves me?

**Prunier**

This heart!

**Lisette**

Who kisses me?

**Prunier**

My lips!

**Lisette**

Why do you kiss me? Tell me. Why?

**Prunier**

To tell you again: I am yours!

**Lisette**

I am yours!

## *La Bohème*

*La Bohème* follows the lives of a group of young artists living in Paris, focusing on the romance between the poet Rodolfo and Mimi, who meet one cold winter's night. Despite their deep love for each other, Mimi's fragile health and their difficult financial situation strain their relationship. Rodolfo and Mimi eventually separate, but when her condition worsens,

Rodolfo rushes to her side. The opera contrasts the carefree lives of the artists with the tragic reality of Mimi's illness. In the end, Mimi dies in Rodolfo's arms, leaving him heartbroken.

In the Benoit scene, Rodolfo, Marcello, Colline, and Schaunard are gathered when their landlord, Benoit, arrives to demand the rent. The group tricks Benoit into leaving without collecting the rent by mocking his flirtations and supposed infidelities.

*Benoit Scene*

**Rodolfo**

Firewood!

**Marcello**

Cigars!

**Colline**

Bordeaux!

**All**

Destiny has brought us the abundance of a fair!

**Schaunard**

The Bank of France is going broke for you.

**Colline**

Pick them all up!

**Marcello**

They're just pieces of tin.

**Schaunard**

Are you deaf?

Nearsighted?

Who is this guy?

**Rodolfo**

Louis Philippe,

I bow to my king.

**All**

Louis Philippe is strewn about our feet.

**Schaunard**

Now I will tell the story of this gold,

Or better yet, this silver.

**Marcello**

Let's heat up the stove!

**Colline**

It has suffered so much cold.

**Schaunard**

An Englishman... a gentleman....  
A Lord, or Milord...  
Whatever it was,  
He wanted a musician.

**Marcello**

Away! Let's prepare the table!

**Schaunard**

Me? I'm flying!

**Rodolfo**

Where is the kindling?

**Colline**

There!

**Marcello**

Here!

**Schaunard**

So I present myself,  
He accepts me,  
And I ask him...

**Colline**

Cold Roast!

**Marcello**

Sweet Pastries!

**Schaunard**

...When do we start the lessons?  
He responds: "Let us begin!"  
"Look!" and he points out a parrot on the first floor.  
Then adds:  
"Play until it dies!"

**Rodolfo**

Let the hall shine splendidly.

**Schaunard**

And it was thuswise:  
I played for 3 long days.

**Marcello**

Now, the candles!

**Colline**

Sweet Pastries!

**Schaunard**

Then I used the spell of my beauty,  
I charmed the maid.

**Marcello**

Eating without a tablecloth?

**Rodolfo**

An idea...

**Marcello & Colline**

"The Constitutional"

**Rodolfo**

Excellent paper,  
One can eat while devouring the appendix!

**Schaunard**

I administered some parsley to the parrot...  
He spread his wings, opened his beak,  
A bit of parsley,  
And he died like Socrates!

**Colline**

Who?

**Schaunard**

The devil take all of you.  
And now what are you doing?  
No! These rations and provisions are for the coming days,  
Dark and tenebrous.  
Eating at home on Christmas Eve?  
When the streets of the Latin quarter  
Are bedecked with sausages and delicacies,  
When the aroma of fritters  
Perfumes the old streets.  
The girls sing happily...

**Rodolfo, Marcello & Colline**

Christmas Eve!

**Schaunard**

And each girl has a student for an echo!  
Have some religion, my good sirs.  
Let's drink at home and eat out!

**Benoit**

If I may...

**Marcello**

Who is it?

**Benoit**

...Benoit.

**Marcello**

The landlord!

**Schaunard**

Slam the door on his face!

**Colline**

Nobody's home!

**Schaunard**

It's locked!

**Benoit**

A word.

**Schaunard**

Only one.

**Benoit**

Rent!

**Marcello**

Hey! Give him a seat!

Rodolfo:

Hurry!

**Benoit**

No need, I would like...

**Schaunard**

Sit.

**Marcello**

Would you like a drink?

**Benoit**

Thanks.

**Rodolfo & Colline**

Cheers!

**Schaunard**

Drink!

**Benoit**

This is the last quarter of the years

**Marcello**

I'm glad to hear it.

**Benoit**

And therefore...

**Schaunard**

Another drink?

**Benoit**

Thanks.

**Rodolfo & Colline**

Cheers!

**The Four**

To your health!

**Benoit**

I came to you because,  
Last quarter, you promised...

**Marcello**

And now I keep my promise.

**Rodolfo**

What are you doing?

**Schaunard**

Are you crazy?

**Marcello**

You saw? Now then, stay a moment in our company.  
Tell! How old are you, dear Benoit?

**Benoit**

How old am I? Pity's sake!

**Rodolfo**

More or less, our age?

**Benoit**

More, much more!

**Colline**

He said more or less.

**Marcello**

The other night, at Mabelle,  
They caught you in a sin of passion.

**Benoit**

Me?

**Marcello**

The other night, at Mabelle,  
Deny it!

**Benoit**

Well...

**Marcello**

A beautiful woman!

**Benoit**

Ah! Very much so!

**Schaunard & Rodolfo**

You rogue!

**Colline**

Seducer!

**Marcello**

An oak, a cannon of a man!

**Rodolfo**

The man has good taste.

**Marcello**

Her hair was curly and auburn.

**Schaunard**

Rogue!

**Marcello**

He swaggered, nimble and full-chested.

**Benoit**

I'm old, but robust!

**Rodolfo, Schaunard, Colline**

He swaggered, nimble and full-chested.

**Marcello**

And feminine virtue surrendered to him.

**Benoit**

I was a timid youth,  
Now, I'm making up for it.  
You see,  
They are a hobby of mine,  
Some beautiful little women.  
A bit...  
I'm not saying like a whale,  
Or like a globe, with a face like a full moon.  
But skinny, really skinny...?  
No!  
Skinny women are tiresome and often too much trouble,  
And they are always such a pain.  
For example...  
...my wife!

**Marcello**

This man has a wife,  
Yet harbors obscene desires in his heart!

**Schaunard & Colline**

The horror!

**Rodolfo**

And he corrupts our fine dwelling.

**Marcello**

Let's burn some sugar.

**Colline**

Drive out the reprobate!

**Benoit**

I say...

**Marcello**

Silence!

**Schaunard**

Our offended morality drives you away!

**Benoit**

My gentlemen...

**The Four**

Silence! Out, Sir!  
Out of here!  
And goodnight to your lordship...  
Ha ha ha!



*O soave fanciulla*

**Rodolfo**

O gentle maiden, O sweet face,  
Surrounded by mild moonrise,  
In you I see the dream,  
That I'd like to always be dreaming!

**Mimi**

Ah! You alone command, love!

**Rodolfo**

It's already trembling in my soul,  
The extreme sweetness.

**Mimi**

O how sweetly his flattery descends on my heart...  
You alone command, love!

**Rodolfo**

In the kiss love trembles!

**Mimi**

No, have pity!

**Rodolfo**

You are mine!

**Mimi**

Your friends are waiting for you...

**Rodolfo**

You're already sending me away?

**Mimi**

I would like to say...but I don't dare

**Rodolfo**

Tell me

**Mimi**

May I come with you?

**Rodolfo**

What? Mimi!  
It would be so sweet to stay here.  
It's cold outside.

**Mimi**

I'll be near you!

**Rodolfo**

And on the way back?

**Mimi**

Curious!

**Rodolfo**

Give me your arm, my little girl...

**Mimi**

I obey, Sir!

**Rodolfo**

Tell me that you love me...

**Mimi**

I love you!

**Together**

Love! Love! Love!

*O, Mimi, tu piu non torni*

**Rodolfo**

O, Mimi, you're not coming back anymore.

O beautiful days,

Little hands, scented hair, neck of snow!

Ah, Mimi, my brief youth.

**Marcello**

I don't know how it is that my brush works,

And mixes colors against my will.

If I like to paint,

O sky O earth, O winters O springs,

Traces two black pupils and a provocative mouth,

And the face of Musetta still appears.

**Rodolfo**

And you, light cap,

That was left hidden under the pillow,

You know all our happiness,

Come to my heart, to my dead heart,

Since love is dead.

**Marcello**

And the face of Musetta appears,

All affectations and all deceit,  
Meanwhile Musetta enjoys herself  
And my cowardly heart calls her and waits.

## *Tosca*

*Tosca* is a dramatic opera centered around love, jealousy, and betrayal. The story follows Floria Tosca, a passionate opera singer, and her lover, Cavaradossi, a painter with revolutionary sympathies. When Cavaradossi helps an escaped political prisoner, he attracts the attention of the sinister Chief of Police, Scarpia. Desiring Tosca and aiming to capture Cavaradossi, Scarpia arrests and tortures the painter, using his suffering to manipulate Tosca. In a desperate attempt to save her lover, Tosca agrees to submit to Scarpia in exchange for Cavaradossi's release, though Scarpia promises only a mock execution. Tosca kills Scarpia in a moment of defiance, hoping to save Cavaradossi, but the "fake" execution turns out to be a deadly trap. Grief-stricken after witnessing Cavaradossi's death, Tosca chooses to take her own life rather than be captured by Scarpia's forces.

In the aria *Recondita armonia*, Cavaradossi reflects on the contrasting beauty of two women: his lover, Tosca, and the woman he is painting, Mary Magdalene. He marvels at the "hidden harmony" between these different beauties, captivated by how each inspires his art in its own unique way.

### *Recondita armonia*

#### **Cavaradossi**

Hidden harmony,  
Of different beauties!...  
and brown Floria,  
My ardent lover,  
And you, unknown beauty,  
belt of blonde hair!  
You have blue eyes,  
Tosca has black eyes!  
The art in its mystery,  
The different beauties together confuses  
But in portraying this one,  
Ah! My only thought, Tosca, it's you!

### *Vissi d'arte*

In the aria *Vissi d'arte*, Tosca laments her tragic fate, questioning why she is being punished despite living a life devoted to art, love, and faith. She reflects on her acts of kindness and piety, feeling betrayed by fate as she faces Scarpia's cruel demands to save her lover, Cavaradossi.

#### **Tosca**

I lived for art, I lived for love,  
I never harmed a living soul!  
With a furtive hand,  
How many miseries I knew I helped.

Always with sincere faith,  
My prayer goes out to the Tabernacle Saints.  
Always with sincere faith,  
I gave flowers to the altar.  
In the hour of pain,  
Why? Why Lord,  
Why do you reward me like this?  
I gave jewels of the Madonna to the mantle,  
And I gave the song to the stars, to the sky,  
Who laughed more beautifully.  
In the hour of pain,  
Why? Why Lord,  
Ah, why do you reward me like this?

### *Te Deum*

In the *Te Deum* scene, Scarpia reveals his sinister intentions. As a choir and congregation celebrate in prayer, Scarpia, consumed by lust and jealousy, vows to capture Cavaradossi and force Tosca into his arms. This powerful scene juxtaposes Scarpia's dark desires with the religious fervor around him, highlighting his corruption and ruthlessness amid the piety of the church.

#### **Scarpia**

3 men... and a carriage.  
Hurry!  
Follow her wherever she goes.  
Try not to be seen.

#### **Spoletta**

The meeting place?

#### **Scarpia**

The Farnese Palace.  
Go, Tosca.  
Scarpia makes a nest for himself in your heart.  
Go, Tosca.  
Scarpia unleashes the falcon of your jealousy.  
How great is the promise in your quick suspicions.

#### **Chorus**

Our help is in the name of the Lord,  
Who made heaven and earth.  
Blessed be the name of the Lord.  
Now and forever.

#### **Scarpia**

A double aim.  
Yet the head of the rebels is not the greater prize.  
Ah, to look victoriously into those burning eyes.  
Growing languid in the spasms of love.  
The one is lead to the noose,

The other, into my arms.

**Chorus**

We praise You, O God;  
We acknowledge You as Lord.

**Scarpia**

Tosca!  
You make me forget God!

**Chorus**

Thee, the eternal Father, all venerate.

**The End**